Audrey Og[illegible]
by John Lou[illegible]

¶ One and

thyrtye Epigrammes wherein are brieflye touched so manye abuses, that maye and ought to be put away.

Compiled and Imprinted by Robert Crowley, dwellinge in Elye rentes, in Holburne.

Anno domini. 1550.

i. Cor. xiiii.

What so euer ye do, let the same be done to edifie wythall.

Gala vi.

If I shoulde Audye to please men: than coulde I not be the seruaunt of Christe.

The Boke to the Reader.

IF bokes may be bolde
to blame and repzoue,
The faultes of al menne
both byghe and lowe:
As the Prophetes dyd
whom Gods spirite did moue,
Than blame not mine Autor,
for right well I knowe:
Hys penne is not tempered
vayne doctrine to sowe,
But as Esaye hath bidden
so muste he neades crye, Esai. 58.
And tell the Lordes people
of their iniquitie.

Now if I do the worldlinges
in anye poynte offende
In that I repzoue them
for their wyckednes:
It is a plaine token
they wyll not emende
I take all the wyse men
of the earth to wytnes,

To them therfore mine Autor
biddeth me confesse,
That sith they be determined
styll in their synne to dwell:
John. iii. He accounteth them no better
than fire brandes of hell.
So herefore he bade me bid them
holde them contente,
He hath not written to them
that will not emende,
For to the willinge wicked
no prophete shall be sente
Excepte it be to tell them
that at the laste ende
They shall be sure and certayne
wyth Satanas to wende.
For before suche swyne
Mat. vii. no pearles maye be caste,
That in the filthye puddell
take all their repaste.
To suche onely therfore
I muste his message do,
As haue not their delite
in wickednes to dwell,

But when they heare their fault
are sorye they dyd so,
And louingely imbrace
such ye men as do them tell,
Reformynge euermore
their lyfe by the gospell.
To these men am I sente
and these I truste will take
My warnynge in good parte
and their euill forsake.

Luke.v.

John,viii.

He that is of God, heareth the
worde of God.

Finis.

¶ The table of the cõtentes of thys boke.

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Of Abbayes.

S I walked alone
and mused on thynges,
That haue in my time
bene done by great kings.
I bethought me of Abbayes
that sometyme I sawe,
Whiche are nowe suppressed
all by a lawe.
O Lorde (thought I then)
what occasion was here,
To prouide for learninge
and make pouertye there.
The landes and the Jewels
that hereby were hadde,
Would haue fownd godly prechers
whiche might well haue ladde:
The people aright
that nowe go astraye,
And haue fedde the poore
that famishe euerye daye.
But as I thus thought
it came to my mynde,

That

That the people wyll not se
but delite to be blynde,
Wherfore they are not worthy
good preachers to haue,
Nor yet to be prouided for
but styll in vayne to craue.
Than sayd I (O Lorde God)
make this time shorte,
Mat. 24. For their sakes onely Lorde
that be thy chosen sort.

Of Alehouses

NEades must we haue places
for vitailes to be solde,
For such as be sicke
poore, feble, and olde.
But lorde to howe greate
abuse they be growne,
In eche lyttle Hamlet,
village, and towne.
They are become places
of waste and excesse,
An herber for such menne
as lyue in idlenes.

And

And lyghtlye in the contrey
they are placed so,
That they stande in mens waye
whan they shoulde to churche go.
And than suche as loue not
to heare their faultes told
By the minister that readeth
the new testamente and olde.
Do turne into the alehouse
and let the churche go.
Yea, and men accounted wise
and honeste do so.
But London (God be prayse) A cõmendation of London.
all menne maye commend
Whiche doeth nowe this greate
enormitie emende
For in Seruice tyme
no doore standeth vp,
Where suche men are wonte
to fyll canne and cuppe.
Woulde God in the contrey
they woulde do the same
Eyther for goddes feare
or for worldely shame.

How

How hallowe they the Saboth
that do the time spende,
In drynkinge and idlenes
tyll the daye be at an ende:
Not so well as he doeth
that goeth to the plowe,
Or pitcheth vp the sheues
from the carte to the mowe.
But he doeth make holye
the Sabothe in dede,
That heareth Goddes worde
and helpeth suche as nede.

Mat. xiii

Of Allayes.

Two sortes of Allayes
in London I finde,
The one agaynste the lawe
and the other againste kinde.
The firste is where bowlinge
forbidden menne vse,
And wastynge their good
do their labour refuse.
But in London (alas)
some men are deuilishelye

Dispraise of London.

Suffe-

Suffered to profesſe it,
as an arte to lyue by.
Well I wyll ſaye no more
but ſuche as lyue ſo,
And officers that ſuffer them
ſhall togither go.
To Satan their ſire
for of god they are not,
Who commaundeth to laboure
ſyxe dayes ye worke.
And the ſeuenth he commaundeth
all menne to ſanctifie,
In beynge well occupied
and not idlelye
The other ſorte of Allayes
that be agaynſte kynde,
Do make my herte wepe
whan they come to my mind.
For there are more people
welmoſte innumerable,
That are dryuen to begge,
and yet to worcke they are able.
If they might haue althinges
prouided aright,

Exo. xxiii.

Allayes agaynſte kynde.

Alas

Alas, is not thys,
a greate ouer syght:
ye Aldermen and other
that take Allaye rente
Why bestowe ye not the riches
that god hath you sente.
In woule or in flaxe
to finde them occupied
That nowe lye and begge
by euerye highe waye side.
And you that be chiefe
and haue the commune treasure
Why can you neuer finde
a time of leasure
To se where the treasure
will finde them worckinge
To the profit of the Citye
in some maner thinge
But (alas) this my tale,
is to deafe men tolde
For the charitie of rich men
is nowe thorowe colde.
And this is a Citye
in name, but in dede

Loke the diffinitiō of a cirye you that be lerned

It is a packe of people
that seke after mede.
For officers and all
do seke their owne gaine,
But for the wealth of ỹ commons
not one taketh paine
An hell without order
I maye it well call
Where euerye man is for him selfe
and no manne for all.

Of Almes houses.

A Warchaunte that longe tyme
hadde bene in straunge landes
Returned to hys contrey
whiche in Europe standes:
And in his returne
hys waye laye to passe,
By a Spittle house not farre from
where his dwelling was.
He loked for this hospitall
but none coulde he se,
For a Lordely house was builte
where the hospitall shoulde be.

Good

Good Lorde (sayd this marchaũt)
is my contrey so wealthy:
That the verye beggers houses
be buylte so gorgeously:
Than by the waye syde
hym chaunced to se,
A pore manne that craued
of hym for charitie.
Why e (quod thys Marchaunt)
what meaneth thys thynge:
Do ye begge by the waye
and haue a house for a kynge:
Alas syr (quod the pore man)
we are all turned oute,
And lye and dye in corners
here and there aboute.
Men of greate riches,
haue bought our dwellinge place,
And whan we craue of them
they turne waye their face.
Lorde God (quod this marchaũt)
in Turkye haue I bene,
Yet emonge those Heathen,
none such cruelte haue I sene

The

The vengeaunce of god
muste fall, no remedye,
Upon these wicked men
and that verye shortelye.

Of Baylife Arrantes.

A Baylife there was
in the weste contrey,
That did as they do
in all quarters men saye.
He serued with one wryte
an whole score or twayne,
And toke in hande to excuse them
hauinge pence for hys payne.
And when he should warne a quest
in sessions to appeare,
He woulde surely warne them
that woulde make him no cheare.
And than take a bribe
to make answere for them,
But when he mette his frendes
than woulde he saye but hem.
But such as had no cheare
nor money to paye

were sure to trudge,
to the sessions alwaye.
The bayliffes hadlande
Ye must geue him some thynge.
to sowe his hadlande
Or else ye can haue,
no fauoure at his hande.
Some puddyngis or Baken,
or chese for to eate
A bushell of barley,
some malt or some wheate.
His hadland is good grownd,
and beareth all thynge
Be it Baken or beste,
stockefyshe or lynge.
Thus poore men are pold,
and pyld to the bare
By such as shoulde serue them:
to kepe them from care.

Of Bawdes.

The bawdis of the stues
be turned all out
But some thinke they inhabit,
al England throughout

In

In tauerns and tiplyng houses,
many myght be founde
If officers would make serch
but as they are bounde
Well let them take heede
I wyll say no moze
But when god reuengeth
he punisheth soze
An horrible thynge,
it is foz to fall
Into that Lordis handis Deut. 2.
that is eternall

Of Beggers.

The Beggars whome nede
compelleth to craue
Ought at our handis
some relefe to haue
But such as do counterfayt,
haueynge theyr strength
To labour if they lufte,
beyng knowne at the length
Ought to be constrayned,
to wozcke what they can

And lyue on theyr laboures
as beseemeth a chrystyan
And if they refuse
to worcke for theyr meate
1. Tim iii Then ought they to faste
as not worthy to eate
And such as be sore
and wyll not be healed
Oughte not in any case
to be charysshed
I heard of two beggars
Of two beggers that vnder an hedge sate
who dyd wyth longe talke
theyr matters debate.
They had both sore legges
most lothsome to se
All rawe from the fote
welmost to the knee
My legge, quod the one
I thank god is fayre
So is myne (quod the other)
in a colde ayre
For then it loketh rawe
and as redde as any bloud

I would not haue it healed
for any worlds good
For were it once whole
my lyuinge were gone,
And for a sturdye begger
I shoulde be take anone.
No manne woulde pittye me
but for my sore legge,
Wherfore if it were whole
I might in vaine begge.
I shoulde be constrained
to laboure and sweate,
And perhaps sometime
wyth schourges be beate.
Well (sayde the tother)
lette vs take hede therefore,
That we let them not heale
but kepe them styll sore.
An other thynge I hearde
of a begger that was laine,
Muche like one of these
if it were not the same.
Who syttinge by the fire
wyth the cuppe in hys hande,

Of an other begger.

Began to wonder whan
he shoulde be a good husbande.
I shall neuer thriue
(quod this beger) I wene,
For I gate but .xvi. d. to daye
and haue spente eyghtene.
Well let the worlde wagge
we muste neades haue drynke
Go fyll me this quarte pot
full to the brynke,
The tonge muste haue bastinge
it wyll the better wagge,
To pull a goddes penye
out of a churles bagge.
Yet cesse not to gyue to all
wythoute anye regarde,
Thoughe the beggers be wicked
thou shalte haue thy rewarde.

Of Bearbaytynge.

What follye is thys
to keye wyth daunger,
A greate mastyfe dogge
and a foule ougly beare.

And

And to this onelye ende
to se them two fyght,
Wyth terrible tearynge
a full ouglye syght.
And yet me thynke those men
be mooste foles of all
Whose stoze of money
is but verye smale.
And yet euerye sondaye
they wyll surelye spende,
One penye oz two
the bearwardes liuyng to mende.
At Paryse garden eche sondaye
a man shall not fayle, Parise garden
To find two oz thze hundzedes
foz the bearwardes baile.
One halpenye a piece
they vse foz to giue
When some haue no mozе
in their purse I beleue.
Well, at the laste daye
theyz conscience wyll declare
That the poze ought to haue
all that they maye spare.

Eccle. iiii For God hathe commaunded
that what we maye spare,
Be geuen to the poze
that be full of care.
If you giue it therefoze
to se a Beare fyght, and not to ỳ Be
Be ye sure goddes curse
wyl vpon you lyght.

Of Brawlers.

A Brawler that loueth
to breake the kinges peace,
And seke his owne sozowe
his fansye to please.
Is lyke a curre Dogge
that setteth vpon
Eche mastyfe and hounde
that he maye light on.
He getteth hym hatered
of euerye manne
And meteth with his maister
euer nowe and than.
To hurte other menne
he taketh greate payne:
He turneth no manne

to profite or gayne.
Except it be the Surgian
or the Armorer
The Baylife, the constable
or the Jayler.
This is a worthye membre
in a commune wealthe,
That to worcke other wo
will lose his owne health.
What other men will judge
I cannot tell
But if he scape Tiburne
I thinke he wyll hange in hell.

Of Blasphemous swerers.

The sonne of Syrach wryteth playnelye, Eccl. xxiii
Of suche menne as do
swcare blasphemouselye.
The manne that swcareth muche
shall be fylled, sayeth he,
Wyth all wicked maners
and iniquitie.
In the house of that manne

the

the plage ſhall not ceaſe,
He ſhall be ſtyll plaged
eyther moze oz leſſe.
Math.v. Chriſte biddeth all hys,
affirme and denye,
Wyth yea yea, nay naye,
affirmynge no lye.
What ſo euer ye adde moze
(ſayeth he) cometh of euyll.
And is of the wycked
ſuggeſtion of the deuill.
But we can not talke
wythouten othes plentye
Some ſweare by gods nayles
hys herte and hys bodye,
And ſome ſweare his fleſhe,
hys bloude and his fote.
And ſome by his guttes.
hys lyke and herte rote.
Some other woulde ſeme
all ſwearynge to refrayne,
And they inuente idle othes
ſuch is their idle brayne.
By cocke and by pye

and by the goſe wynge
By the croſſe of the mouſe fote
and by ſaynte chycken.
And ſome ſweare by the deuell
ſuche is their blindenes,
Not knowynge that they cal
theſe thynges to wytnes.
Of their Conſciences in that
they affirme or denye,
So both ſortes commit
moſte abhominable blaſphemie.

Of the collier of Croyden.

IT is ſayde that in Croydon
there dyd ſometyme dwell,
A Collier that did
all other Colliers excell.
For his riches thys Collier
myghte haue bene a knight
But in the order of knighthode
he hadde no delyght.
Woulde god all our knightes
did minde colinge no more,
Than this Collier did knyghtyng

as

as is sayde before.
For whan none but pore coliars
dyd wyth coales meil,
At a reasonable pryce
They dyd theyr coales sell.
But sence oure knighte Coliars
haue hadde the firste sale
We haue payde muche money
and had fewe sackes to tale.
A lode that of late yeres
for a royall was solde,
Wyll coste nowe.xvi.s.
of syluer or golde.
God graunte these men grace
their pollynge to refrayne.
Or els bryng them backe
to theyr olde state agayne.
And especiallye the Colier
that at Croydon doth sell,
For men thynke he is cosen
to the Coliar of hel.

Of Commotioners.

Whan

When the bodye is vexed
through humors corrup-
To restore it to helth (ted
those humours muste be
For if they remayne (purged
they wyll styl encrease:
Euerye daye more and more
and augment the disease.
So that in shorte tyme
the bodye muste decaye,
Excepte God gyue health
by some other waye.
Euen so doeth it fare
by the weale publike
Whyche chaunceth to be often
diseased and sycke.
Throughe the mischeuous malyce
of suche menne as be,
Desierous to breake
the publyke vnitie.
Eche publike bodye
muste be purged therfore
Of these rotten humours
as is sayde before.

Else

Else wyll it decaye,
as do the bodies naturall
When rotten humours
haue infected them ouer all
But if the publyke bodie,
can not be purged well
By force of purgacion
as phicisins do tell
When bodies be weake,
and so lowe brought
That by purgacion,
no health can be wrought
Then must there be sought
some easyer waye
To kil ỳ strength of those humors
as phisians saye.
When the swerde wyll not helpe
in the commune wealth
To purge it of Commotioners
and bryng it to health.
Than muste discrete counsel
fynde wayes to kyll,
The power of those rebels
and lette them of their wyll.

And that muste be by cherishynge
the humours naturall,
And by quyckenynge agayne
of the spirites bytall.
Whyche in the commune wealthe
are the subiectes true,
That do alwaye studye
Sedition to eschewe.
When these mē through cherishing
do growe and be stronge:
Than can not Commocioners
continue longe.
For as whan the strength
of yll humours is kylled,
In a naturall bodye
they be sone consumed.
Or made of euill good
as it is playne to se:
So wyll it betyde
of suche menne as be.
In the commune wealth
geuen vnto sedition,
When they se they can not
fynyshe their intention.

And what is their power
but the people ignorannte
Whom thei do abuse
by their counceiles malignaunte
When the hertes of the people
be wonne to their prince,
Than can no commotioners
do hurte in hys prouince.
If thys will not helpe
than God wyll take cure,
And destroy these Commotioners
we maye be right sure.
Excepte the tyme be come
that the bodye muste dye,
For than there canne be found
no maner remedy.
God graunte that oure synne
haue not broughte vs so lowe,
That we be paste cure
god onelye doeth thys knowe.
And I truste to se healthe agayne
if the finall ende,
Be not nowe nere at hande
whyche the Lorde shortelye sende.

Esaye lamenteth Esaye. v.
and sayeth oute alas
Muche wo shall betide you
that do youre tyme passe.
In eatinge and drinckynge
frome morninge to nighte,
Till none of your membres
canne do his office righte.
Woe be to you, sayeth he,
that do so earlye rise,
To fyll your selues with drincke
in suche beastelye wise
But if he were nowe liuynge
and sawe this worldes state,
He wold say this of our drunkards
that sitte vp so late.
For fewe of oure drunckardes
do vse to rise earelye,
But muche of the nighte
they wyll drincke lustelye.
Well, sainte Paule doeth warne 1. Cor. 1.
all that be of pure mynde
To auoide drunckardes companye

where so euer they do them finde.
Se ye neyther eate nor drincke
wyth suche menne, sayeth he,
That be geuen to drinkinge
what so euer they be,
But alas manye curates
that shoulde vs thys tell
Do all their parishioners
in drynckynge excell.

Of commune Liars.

Sapi.i. SOlomon the sage
in Sapience doeth saye
That the mouthe that lyeth
doeth the verye soule sleye.
If the murderer of bodies
be worthye to dye,
The murderer of soules
shoulde not escape, trowe I.
For as the Soule doeth
the bodye excell
So is his treaspace greater
that doeth the soule quell.
But Lyars (alas)
are nowe muche set by,

And

And thought to be menne
in a maner neceſſarie.
To be entertayned
of eche noble manne,
Who are muche delighted
wyth lyes nowe and than.
But thys delite will be ſorowe
I feare me at the laſte,
When the liar for hys lyynge
into paines ſhall be caſte.

Of Dicears.

Among wyttye ſaiynges
this precept I finde,
To auoid and flie dice (my ſon)
haue euer in mynde. Cato.
For diceynge hath brought many
wealthye menne to care,
And manye ryche heyre
it hath made full bare.
Some menne it hath ſette by
I will not denye,
And brought to more worſhip
than they be worthye.

God knoweth to what ende
he suffereth this thyng
Perchaunce to rewarde them
wyth hel at their endynge.
For doubtlesse those goodes
are gotten amisse
That are goten from him
that prodigall is.
And especially at the dyce,
where boeth do intende
To get the others goodis,
or else his owne to spende.
Nowe if prodigalitye
or couetise be byce
He can not but offend,
that playeth at the dyce
For be they two or mo,
thys thyng is certayne
Prodigalytie and couetise
do in them all raygne
Besyde the wycked othes,
and the tyme myspent
Wherof they thyncke they nede not
them selues to repent.

But thys I dare saye,
that though dycynge were no sin,
Nor the goodis mysgoten,
that men do therat wynne
Yet the othes that they swere
and the tyme myspent
Shall be theyr damnacion
vnlesse they repent.
Leaue of your vayne dyceyng
ye dycers therefore
For vnlesse ye repent,
god hath vengeaunce in store
And when ye thynke least,
then wyl he pour it oute
And make you to stoupe,
be ye neuer so stoute.

Of double benificed men.

The kynge of that realme,
where iustice doeth reygne
Perused olde statutis,
that in bokis remayne.
And as he turned the boke,
hym chaunced to se

That suche as haue benifices
shoulde residente be.
And haue their abidynge
whiles their lyfe shold endure
Emonge them ouer whom
god hath geuen them cure.
Than sayde he to him selfe:
I thynke well there is,
No lawe in thys realme
worse obserued than this.
Yet canne there nothynge
my flocke more decaye,
Than whan hirelynges suffer
my shepe to go astraye.
Then called he hys counsell
and tolde them his minde,
And willed that they shoulde
some remedye finde.
Who with good aduice
agreed on thys thinge,
That visitours shoulde be sent
with the power of the kynge
To punyshe all suche
as therein hys offende

Unlesse they were founde
thorowe wyllynge to amende.
These visitours found many stout
priestes, but chiefly e one, Ofee.iiii
That hadde sondrye benifices
but woulde surrender none.
Than was this stoute felowe
brought to the kynge,
Who saide vnto hym,
syr howe chaunceth this thing?
Wil ye transegresse my lawes
and than disobeye:
Menne hauing my power?
syr what canne you saye?
If it may like your grace (quod he)
loe here is to se,
Your seale at a graunte
of a pluralitie.
Wel, saide the kinge than,
I repente me of all yll:
But tell me maister doctoure
wil you haue your benifices styl?
If your grace do me righte (q̃ he)
I must haue them my lifetyme,

So shalt thou (quod the kynge)
for to morow by pryme
God willynge, thy body,
shalbe diuided and sent
To ech benfice a piece,
to make the resident.
Away wyth him (quod the kyng)
and let al thyngis be done
As I haue geuen sentence,
to morow er none
For syth thou arte a stoute priest
an example thou shalt be
That all stouburne priestes,
may take warnyng by the.

Of the Exchecker

IN the weste parte of Europe
there was sometyme a kynge
That had a courte for receyte,
of money to him belonging.
But the ministers for that Court,
dyd longe a many a daye
Take bribes to beare w̄ suche mē
as should forfaytis pay.

At the

At the laste to the kynge,
this theyr falshode was tolde
By such as about him,
were faythful and bolde.
Then dyd the kynge send,
for these ministers yll
And layed all theyr treaspases,
before them in a byl.
Then were they abashed,
and had nought to say
But cried for his pardon,
but he bade awaye.
Ye haue borne w̄ theues,
and haue robbed me
And suffered my commons,
impouerysshed to be.
No statute could cause,
offendars to emende
Because you dyd beare wyth them
when they dyd offende.
Awaye wyth them all,
laye them fast in prysone
Tyll we haue determined,
what shall wyth them be done.

What iudgment they had,
I haue not heard yet.
But well I wot they deserued,
a tiburne typpet.

Of Fatterars.

A flatterynge frende,
is worse then a foe.
For a frende is betrusted,
when the other is not so.
Of an open enimie,
a man may be ware,
2. Re. iii. when the flatteryng frend,
wyl worcke men much care.
For if Abner had knowne,
what was in Joabs herte.
I do not doubt but he would,
haue out of his waye sherte.
Or at the leaste he would not,
haue admitted him so ny:
As to be embraced of him,
and on his dagger to dye.
Wherefore I aduertise
al men to be ware

Of

Of all flatterynge frendis,
that bryng men to care.
As for open enmimies,
trust them if ye wyll,
I can not forbyd you,
to admyt your owne yll.
Wolde god all men woulde,
such flatterars trye:
As hange at theyr elbowes
to get some what therby.
But (alas) nowe adayes,
men of honour do promote:
Many a false flatterynge,
and lewde harlot.
Wherby thynge may at the lengthe
be theyr owne decay.
For if the wynde turne,
the flatterars wyll awaye.
The swallowe in sommer
wyll in your house dwell,
But when wynter is commynge
she wyll saye farewell.
And when the short dayes,
begyn to be colde

Robyn redbreast wyll come hom
to you and be verye bolde.
But whan somer returneth
and bushes waxe grene,
Then Robyn your manne
will no more be sene.
So some of your flatterers
will in prosperitie,
Be of your housholde
and of your familie.
And some other wyll
whan nede doeth them payne
Sue to do you seruice
till they be wealthy againe.

Of Foles.

Eccle. xiiii

The preacher sayth thus
a pore wirtye ladde,
Is better than an olde kyng
whose wytte is but badde.
The wise manne in pouertie
is righte honorable,
Whan the fole in his riches
is worthie a bable.

Som

Some foles there be of nature
that vnderstande noughte,
And some vnderstande thinges
But do conceiue in their thought
That they them selues be wisest
whiche follye passeth all,
And doeth sone appeare
both in greate and smale.
These foles wyll heare no mans
reade or counsell,
And whatsoeuer they thē selues do
is exceadynge-well.
But other mens doinges
they wyll euer dispraise
None other can do oughte
that maye their myndes please.
And further they thinke
it becommeth them well
In euerye mannes matter
them selues to entermell.
And whan they come in place
where is anye talke,
No man shall haue time to speake,
their tonges shall so walke.

Of

Of theyr owne dedis and goodis,
they wyll brage and boste
And declare all theyr myshaps,
and what they haue loste.
If ye tell them of theyr fautes,
then wyl they nedis fyght
ye muste saye as they saye,
be it wronge or ryght
In fyne ye must prayse them
and set forth theyr fame
And how so euer they do,
ye may them not blame.
If ye tell them of knowledg,
they saye they lacke none
And wyshe they had lesse,
and then they make mone
For the losse of vayne toyes,
where in they delyte
And then if ye reasone farre,
beware, they wyll fyght
All wise men take hede,
and shunne theyr companye
For of all other men,
they are moste vngodly

Of Forestallers.

The fryses of Walis
to Brystow are brought
But before they are wouen
in walis they are boughte
So that now we do paye,
four grotis or else more
For the fryse we haue bought,
for eight pens heretofore
And some saye the woule,
is bought ere it do growe
And the corne long before,
it come in the mowe.
But one thyng there is,
that hurteth most of all.
Many offices are bought,
longe ere they fall.
And ryght so are benefices,
in euery coaste.
So that persons and vicars,
kepe neyther sod nor roaste.
The poore of the parish,
whom the person should fede.
Can haue nought of our tythis,

to succoure

to succoure their nede.
Reuertions of farmes
are bought on eche syde,
And the old tenaunt must pay well
if he wil abide.
And where the father payd a penye
and a Capon or twayne,
The sonne must paye ten pounde
thys passeth my brayne
Well, let these forestallers
repente them betime,
Leaste the clarke of the market
be with them ere prime.
For he when he commeth
will punisshe them all,
That do anie neadefull thinge
ingrosse or forestall.
For well I wotte this
when he wente laste away
He sente vs his seruaunte
and thus did he saye.
1. Cor. x. Se that amonge you
none seke his owne gayne,
But profite eche other

with

wyth trauayle and payne.

Of Godlesse men.

HOlye Dauid that was
both prophete and kinge
Sawe in hys tyme
(as appeareth by hys writinge) Psal. xiii
That in those daies
there were men of wicked hert,
That did all godlye wayes
vtterlye peruerte.
And so there are nowe
the pirye is the more,
That lyue more carnallye
than euer men did before.
These men (sayeth kinge Dauid)
in their hertes do saye,
Surelye there is no God
let vs take our owne waye.
Thus iudged kynge Dauid
and that for good skyll
Bicause he sawe their workes
were wycked and euyll.
They are (sayeth he) corrupt

and nought in all theyr wayes
Not one that doeth good.
and therfore he sayes
That they thyncke there is no god
theyr worckis do declare.
For to do the thynge that good is
they haue no maner care.
But what would Dauid saye,
if he were in these dayes,
when men wyll do Ill,
and iustifie theyr yll weyes.
They leaue the good vndone,
and do that yll is.
And then they call that yll good,
what woulde Dauid saye to this.
I know not what Dauid
would saye in this case.
But I knowe that good Esay,
doeth curse them apase.
Esai.v. Woe, sayth this prophete,
to them that in do call.
That thyng good that euell is
but this is not all.
He sayeth woe to them,

that

that call dearckenes lyghte.
Preferryng theyr fansey,
before the worde of myght
If they fynde a thynge wrytten
in Paul, Luke or John
Or any other scripture,
they wyll ther of none:
Except they may easily,
perceyue and se.
That wyth theyr flesshly fansey,
they may make it agre.
All other textis of scripture,
they wyll not stycke to deny.
yea some of them wyll,
god and his scripture defie.
And say they wyll make merie here
for when they be gone,
They can haue no ioye,
for soule they haue none.
If these menne be not godles
muche maruell haue I,
Well, the cause is the Lordes
lette hym and them trye.
I knowe at the laste

they shall fynde him to strong.
The daye of his vengeaunce,
wyll not tarye longe.

Of Idle persons

Idlenes hath ben cause
Eccle 33 of much wyckednes.
As Ecclesiasticus,
doeth playnely wytnes.
Idle persons therfore,
can not be all cleare.
As by the storie of Sodome,
it doeth well appeare
But that we may come nere,
to our owne age
The Idlenes of Abbays,
made them outrage.
Yet let vs come nere,
euen to the tyme present.
And se what myschyfe,
Idle persons do inuent.
What cõspiracies haue be wrought
wythin this lyttle whyle.
By Idle men that dyd,

the

the commons begyle.
And what haue Idle men,
alwaye practiſed.
To breake the peace of prynces,
that they myght be hyered.
I wyll not ſaye what,
the Idlenes of prieſtis hath done
Nor yet the Idlenes,
of ſeruantis in London
Let euerie man ſearch,
his owne houſhold well,
And whether the thynge,
be true that I tell.
Yea what abuſe dyde euer,
emonge the people tayne.
But the ſame dyd fyrſt ſprynge.
out of an Idle brayn.
Idlenes therfore,
maye ryghte well be named
The gate of all miſchiefe
that euer was framed.
Ye maiſters and fathers therfore
that feare God omnipotente,
Kepe youre families occupied

leaſte ye be ſhente.
For if thorowe their idlenes
they fall into outraye,
Your iudgemente ſhall be ſtraycht,
for they ar cõmitted to your charge
Kepe them therfore ſtyll occupied,
in doynge youre buſines.
Or els in readynge or hearyng
ſome bokes of Godlines.
And woulde god the maieſtrates
woulde ſe men ſet a worke,
And that within thys realme
none were ſuffered to lurke.
This realme hath thre cõmodities
woule, tynne, and leade,
Which beig wrought wtin ỹ realme
eche man might get his bread.

¶ Of inuenters of ſtraũge newes.

SOme men do delite
ſtraunge newes to inuente,
Of this mannes doynge
and that mannes intente.
What is done in Fraunce

And

and in the Emperours lande,
And what thinges the Scotes
are nowe takynge in hand.
What the kynge and hys counsell,
do intende to do,
Thoughe for the moste parte
it be nothynge so.
Suche men cause the people
that els wouldе be styll,
To murmure and grudge
whyche thinge is verye yll.
Yea, sometyme they cause
the people to ryse,
And assemble them selues
in moste wicked wyse.
In Plato hys commune weal'th
suche men shoulde not dwell,
For Poets and Oratours
he dyd expel.
Oh that these newes bryngers
hadde for their rewarde,
Newe halters of hempe
to sette them forwarde.

We sawe the experience of thys of late.

Of Laymē that take tithes, and prieſtes that vſe their tythes priuatelye.

VVhan Juſtice beganne
in iudgemente to ſitte,
To puniſhe all ſuche menne
as faultes did committe.
Than was there a manne
before hyꝝ accuſed,
For tithes that he toke,
and priuatelye vſed.
VVhan due proſe was hadde
and the thynge manifeſte,
The witneſſes ſworne,
and the treſpace confeſte.
Then gaue the Judge iudgment
and theſe wordes he ſpake
Sr that from this Caytife
all his goodes ye take.
For ſeing he made that priuate
that commune ſhoulde be,
He ſhall haue this iuſtice
by the iudgemente of me.
Thoſe poꝝ men that by the tythes
ſhoulde be releeued

Shal haue al hys goods
emonge them deuided.
And vicause he shewed no mercye,
no mercye shall he haue, Iacob ii.
The sentence is geuen,
go hange vp the slaue.

Of Leasemongers.

Of late a Leasemonger
of London lay sicke,
And thinckinge to dye
his conscience did hym pricke.
Wherefore he sayde thus
wyth hym selfe secretely,
I will send for a preacher
to know what remedye.
But whiles he thus laye
he fell in a slumbre,
And sawe in his dreame
poore folke a great numbre.
Whom sayde they had learned thys,
at the preachers hande,
To paye all with patience
that their Landelordes demaunde.

For

For they for their sufferaunce
in suche oppression,
Are promised rewarde
in the resurrection.
Where suche as take leases
them selues to aduaunce,
Are certayne to haue hell,
by ryghte inheritaunce.

Of Marchauntes.

If Marchauntes wold medle,
wyth Marchaundice onelye,
And leaue farmes to such men
as muste lyue thereby e.
Then were they moste worthye
to be hadde in pryce,
As menne that prouide vs,
of all kyndes Marchaundice.
But sythe they take farmes
to lette them out agayne,
To suche men as muste haue them
thoughe it be to their payne.
And to leauye greate fines
or to ouer the rente,

And

And purchase greate landes
for the same intente:
We muste neades call them
membres vnprofitable,
As menne that woulde make
all the realme miserable.
Howe they leaue of their trade
and lende oute their money
To yonge Marchaunte menne
for greate vsurye,
Whereby some yong men
are dryuen to leaue all,
And do into moste extreme
pouertye fall:
It greueth me to wryte,
but what remedie?
They muste beare their faulte
sythe they be so greadye.
And thus I saye to them
and true they shall it fynde,
The Lorde wyll haue all
their yll doynges in mynd.
And at the laste daye
whan they shall arise,

All shall be layde playne
before theyr owne eyes.
Where iudgemente shall be geuen
Jacob. ii. as sayntе James doeth wytnes.
Wythoute all mercye,
to suche as be merciles.

Of men that haue diuers offices

Han the Citye of Rome
was ruled aryght,
As auncyente Autours
do recorde and wryte
Ambition was punished
wyth vtter exile
Yet were there some that did
venter some whyle.
But we readenot of anye
that euer wente aboute,
To haue two offices at once
were they neuer so stout.
But alas in this Realme
we counte hym not wyse,
That seketh not by all meanes
that he canne deuise.

To

To racke offices togither
wythoute anye staye,
But Christe shal say to these menne
at the laste daye.
Geue accoũts of your Baliwickes Luke xvi
ye menne wythoute grace,
Ye that sought to be rulers
in euerye place.
Geue accountes of your Baliwike
for come is the daye,
That ye muste leaue youre offices * Ed. 1574
and walke your fathers waye.

* Of Nice wyues.

THe sonne of Sirache
of women doeth saye, Eccl. xxvi
That their niceness & hoydom
is perceiued alwaye.
By their wanton lokes
and liftynge vp of eyes,
And their lokinge ascoye
in moste wanton wise.
And in the same
Jesus Syrach I fynde
That the gate and the garment Eccle. xi

do declare the mynd.
If these thyngis be true,
as no doubt they be.
What shold we thynk of the wome
that in London we se.
For more wanton lokis,
I dare boldly saye.
Were neuer in Jewish whores,
then in London wines this day
and if the gate and the garmentis,
do shew any thynge.
Our wyues do passe theyr whoris.
in whorlyke deckyng.
I thyncke the abhominable,
whores of the stewes
Dyd neuer more whorelyke,
attyerments vse.
A cappe on hir head,
lyke a sowes mawe.
Such an other facion,
I thyncke the Jewe, neuer saw.
Then fyne geare on the forehead,
set after the new tryk.
Though it cost a crown or two.

what

what then they maye not styche.
If theyr heyre wyl not take colour
then must thei by newe.
And laye it oute in tussockis,
this thynge is to true.
At ech syde a tussocke,
as bygge as a ball.
A very fayre syght
for a fornicator bestiall,
Hyr face faire paynted,
to make it shyne bryght.
And hyr bosome all bare,
and moste whorelyke dight.
Hyr mydle braced in,
as smale as a wande:
And some bye wastes of wyre
at the paste wyues hande.
A bumbe lyke a barrell
wyth whoopes at the skyrte,
Hyr shoes of sueh stuffe
that maye couche no dyrte.
Upon hyr whyte fyngers
manye rynges of golde,
Wyth suche maner stones

as

as are moſt dearlye ſolde.
Of all their other trifles
I wyll ſaye nothynge,
Leaſte I haue but ſmall thanckes
for thys my writynge.
All modeſte Matrons
I truſte wyll take my parte,
As for nice whippets wordes
ſhall not come nye my hert.
I haue tolde them but trueth
let them ſaye what they wyll,
I haue ſayde they be whorelike
and ſo I ſaye ſtill.

Of Obſtinate Papiſtes

A Nobſtinate Papiſte
that was ſometyme a Frier
hadde of his Friers cote
ſo greate a deſire.
That he ſtale out of England
and wente to Louayne.
And gate his Fryers cote
on his foles backe agayne.
A wilfull Begger

this

this papist wyll be.
A fole and a fryer,
and thus is one man three.
Would god all the papistis,
that he lefte behynd.
Where wyth him in fryes cotis,
accordyng to theyr kynde.
Or els I would they were,
wyth theyr father the pope.
For whylse they be in England,
they do but lyue in hope.
And except they myght get,
the Bible boke burned.
Into dispeyre theyr hope,
wyll shortly be turned.
God graunte them the grace
this hope to forsake,
And their naturall prynce
for their heade to take.
Forsakinge the Pope,
wyth all hys peltrye:
Whiche of longe tyme
they haue sette so much by.

Of rente raysers.

A Manne that had landes
of tenne pounde by yere
Surueyed the same
and lette it out deare.
So that often pounde
he made well a score,
Moe poundes by the yere
than other did before.
But whan he was tolde
what daunger it was
To oppresse hys tenauntes
he sayde he did not passe.
For thys thynge he sayde
full certaynelye he wyste,
That wyth hys owne he myghte,
alwayes do as he liste.
But immediatlye I trowe
thys oppressoure fyll sicke:
Luke. xvi Of a boyce that he harde
geue accountes of your Baillwicke.

Of Vayne wrytters, vaine talkers and vaine hearers.

Of

Of late as I laye
and lacked my reste,
At suche time as Titan
dyde we faste to the Weste.
Thys sayinge of Christe
came into my minde,
Wherche certayne and true
all maner menne shall fynde.
Of euerye idle worde
ye shall geue a rekeninge.
Be it spoken by mouthe,
or put in wrytynge.
O Lorde (thought I then)
what case be they in,
That talke and write vaynely
and thinke it no sinne.
Than sombred I a little
and thoughte that I sawe,
Thre sortes of vayne menne
condempned by gods lawe.
The one was a writer
of thynges nought and vayne.
And an other a talker
and thys was theyr payne.

The wryter hadde the crowne
of hys heade opened,
Whose braynes wyth a stycke
the talker styrred.
And he wyth both handes
drewe the talkers tonge,
so that without hys mouthe
it was an handefull longe.
The thirde was an herkener
of fables and lyes,
Whose eares were almost
drawen vp to hys eyes.

Of vnsaciable purchasers.

A Vnreasonable ryche manne
dyd ryde by the way,
Who for lacke of menne
hadde wyth hym a boye.
And as he paste by a pasture
most pleasaunte to se,
Of late I haue purchased
thys grounde Jacke, quod he,
Marye maister (quod the boye)
men saye ouer all,
That your purchase is greate
but your housholde is smal.

Why Jacke (quod this riche man)
what haue they to do?
Woulde they haue me to purchase
and kepe greate house to? Luk. xiiii
I can not tell (quod the boye)
what maketh them to brawle.
But they saye that ye purchase
the Deuill, his dame and all.

Of Usurers.

A Certaine man hadde landes
A little though it were,
And yet wold faine haue liued
lyke a gentlemans peare.
Of thys lande he made sale
and toke readye golde,
And let that for double the rente
of the lande that was solde.
Than came there a broker,
and saide if he woulde do:
As he woulde aduise hym,
he shoulde make of one penye two.
Marye that woulde I fayne do
(quod this usurer than)
I praye the teache me

the feate if thou can.
You shall (sayde thys broker)
lende but for a monethes day:
And be sure of
a sufficiente gage alwaye.
Wyth a plaine bill of sale
if the day be not kept,
And se that ye do
no causes accepte.
Than muste you be sure
that your intereste be
One penye for a shyllynge
and thre pence for three.
So by the yeres ende
twelue moneths geue twelue pens
for the vse of a shyllinge
lo I haue tolde you al sens.
Than saide this vsurer
this matter goeth well,
For my twentye pounde lande
that I chaunced to sell.
I shall haue foure hundred
pounde rente by the yeer,
To lyue lyke a Lorde

and

and make ioly chere.
Than came there a Prophete
and tolde thys manne plaine
That heauen is no place, Psal. xv.
for suche vnlawefull gayne.
Why sir (quod this Usurer)
it is my liuynge,
Yea syr (quod this Prophet)
but it is not youre calling.
you are called to liue
after twentye pounde by yere,
And after that rate
ye shoulde measure your chere.
Tyll god did encreafe you
by his merrifull wayes,
By encreasynge youre cosne
and youre cattell in the leyes,
Whych encreafe wyth your landes
you are bounde to employe,
To the profite of all them
that do dwell you bye.
Ye are not borne to your selfe
neither maye you take
That thynge for youre owne
wherof

where of God did you make.
But Stuarde and Baylife
that shall yelde a rekeninge,
At the daye of Judgemente,
Luke. xvi for euerye thynge.
And do ye not doubte
but then ye shall knowe,
Whether ye maye your goodes
at youre pleasure bestowe.
And whether ye maye vse
wayes wicked and yll,
To encreake your riches
at youre owne will.
But chiefly ye to lende
youre goodes to vsurie,
Is a thinge that you shall
moste dearelye abye.
For Christe saieth in Luke
that the Heathen do so,
Luke. vi. Take hede lest ye flytte
frome pleasure to woe.
Finis.